This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07481419 9

The Upper Trail

James Robert Gettys

(Essays (American)

Ge[illegible]
NEQ

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Contents

	PAGE
Living in Two Worlds at Once,	9
Fragrant Roses,	14
The Selfish Rose,	18
The Soul's Thirst,	24
The Madonna,	27
The Orphan,	31
Give God a Chance,	35
The Big Muddy,	39
The Universal Language,	43
Flowers and Funerals,	47
The Baby's Smile,	51
Father and Child,	55
Law and Love,	59
The World God Makes and The World Men Make,	62
Opportunity,	65
Heresy and Love,	69
Character,	71
Mother,	76
The Model Young Man,	80
The Ideal Young Woman,	90

THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawn-like gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.—*Selected.*

The Upper Trail

Living in Two Worlds at Once

EVERY man should live in two worlds at the same time. So many live in but one. There is an elevated way for every life that will travel it. There is an upper trail for all who will walk therein. The highlands call. The mountain tops give far vision. The lower levels afford no lasting joy and no high delights. While men walk with their feet upon the earth, their higher natures should penetrate the sky. They should climb to heights where faith spreads her unweighted wings and goes unhindered by the baser throngs that mingle on the plains below.

Visiting the city of New York or Chicago for the first time, you will likely be disturbed by the congested condition on certain of the streets. It will be difficult to get over the crossings in some places. The awful jam of travel and traffic is quite

appalling to the uninitiated. You are fairly compelled to inch your way along through the heavy crowds. Even the street-cars—that is, the surface-cars—just creep along not faster than an ordinary pedestrian can walk, being held at every crossing by the passing throngs. But look up now and see the elevated lines with cars sweeping by at terrific speed, unimpeded and unhindered by the clashing thousands upon the streets below. Up above the jam and turmoil of the mingling throngs; up where the atmosphere is untainted and where the going is good.

Then why not travel by the elevated? That is far better. On the lower levels you will be disturbed by ugly doubts, jostled by the conflicting elements, and the dust of confusion will blind your eyes. They who live only in the world material, having thought for this life alone, and regarding not the future, live not at all, but are dead while they live. They have no outlook and no uplook. They travel by surface-cars and are hindered everywhere, while the elevated is just at hand, and calls them to climb up a bit that they may find a better way of going. They should stretch them-

selves into the sky until they fairly touch the bending blue above them and make it theirs, with all the treasure it holds. The inspiration for this life comes from above, and the man with hope in his heart can meet any foe and can rally from the most bitter disappointment. When hope spreads her wings, courage will dare the darkest night, and will come to the morning untired and undefeated. But without hope courage dies, and the feet are hard to move, and the wings are held with heavy weights, and darkness rules the light.

So men should learn to live and travel in the upper realm where doubt clouds not the sky, and where sorrow but turns the eyes toward God. Living in the other world while they toil and travel here, they extract gold from the unseen and coin it into the currency of life for the many uses of the present. They draw on the bank of the future to meet the sight drafts of the present. Thus should men live in the other world while they are still here, and draw inspiration and help for to-day from to-morrow.

That little mother who was called upon so suddenly to lay her babe away had

learned the secret. The minister had spoken the very best words he could; but words seemed to most folks very feeble and empty that day. They took the last look and laid the little one to rest in the green cemetery on the hill and returned to their homes with heavy hearts for the grief-stricken mother, for they feared she would not be able to bear her sorrow without breaking, she seemed so frail and delicate. One could see her as she returned to that home so empty now, and so still, and where would be no longer heard the enchanting music of the childish voice and pattering feet.

But all fears were groundless and were soon swept away. She had meat to eat the world knew not of. She had a strength and support unknown to wavering souls. Her vision penetrated far beyond all doubt-dimmed eyes. The feet of sordid souls were not accustomed to travel the paths her feet had found. Passing by her home the following day, you might have heard her singing:

> We shall meet beyond the river,
> Where the surges cease to roll.

Then her soul takes flight again on the wings of the following strain:

O how sweet it will be
In that beautiful land,
  So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips,
And with harps in our hands,
  To meet one another again.

Now you will know that she was master of two worlds. She was traveling along the upper way and Heaven was in sight. She did not wait for death to take her there. She arrived before the messenger had time to reach her gate. No wonder she could come forth from her sorrow and face the world with a courage and fortitude so strong, and yet so quiet and so comforting that unbelievers were baffled by her spirit, and by the halo that surrounded her life. Her support was from above. Though she lived on the earth, her higher self sojourned in the sky. Her feet had found the upper trail that led to peace and rest.

Fragrant Roses

IT was my fortune, a few years ago, to attend the reception of a newly-appointed pastor, given by a Church in a little city in Southern Nebraska. The gentleman who gave the address of welcome held in his hands a beautiful bouquet of exquisite red roses, so rich in fragrance the atmosphere of the whole house was laden with the wealth of perfume. The words of welcome were as full of fragrance as were the flowers. At the conclusion of the welcoming speech the roses were presented to the pastor, whose response, though couched in most classic phrase, and uttered in fine spirit, was at first a distinct surprise and shock to me.

He said, "It seems to me I have been sent to the best charge in the Conference." Now of course such a complimentary remark would be permissible, and might have passed unnoticed, but for the following: "It seems to me," said he, "I have always been sent to the best charges." That claim was clearly untrue. For I had known the

man during his entire ministry, and was somewhat familiar with every charge he had ever served, and knew positively that some of them were the most scraggly places the Lord ever had anywhere in the world. And yet he stood there before those strangers and declared he had always been sent to the best.

Of course, the wonder was why he talked so prevaricatingly, and how one would go about it to harmonize those apparently untrue statements with a minister's reputation for truth and veracity. Truly, I was puzzled, not knowing just how to think or what to do. Then I saw the roses, and caught a fresh breath of their fragrance, and a revelation opened before me. Those roses! They are always in the sweetest and most fragrant atmosphere. Why? Because they take it along with them wherever they go, and breathe it forth from their inner selves. It is a part of their nature. They create the atmosphere in which they live. They sweeten it wherever they go. In the miasmic swamp they are in fine-flavored air, for they bring it with them. In the sick room, where fever burns the tossing pa-

tient, they are in the most fragrant atmosphere, for they bring with them an unending supply in the sweetness of their nature. Whether in the humble home of peasant, or the luxurious palace of pomp and pleasure, it is the same. No matter where, the rose breathes from its inner life that sweet breath which gives it an atmosphere of its own and makes it independent of surroundings and conditions.

So that minister was always in the finest charge. For, no difference where he went, he would take it along with him in the fragrance of his own inner life and the purity of his own character, and breathing forth from such a soul the atmosphere thus laden, his life was saturated with sweetness, and the purest and best were always his. In the quality, vision, and victory of his inner and higher self he was independent of conditions. He knew the meaning of the prayer of Socrates, and had obtained its answer: "Grant me to be beautiful within. Teach me that wisdom is a form of wealth that abides forever: making life orderly without; make me also just within. Forbid also that I should ever have any gold save that which a good man can possess."

This man's gold would not tarnish. The fragrance of his life would not die, for, like the rose, it came from a never-failing source within. Talk about good places! It is the man that makes the place, and not the place the man. Talk about success! That rose is a success that blossoms into beauty and sheds forth its fragrance, for, though it die unseen and unadmired, it is true to its own nature: it did what it was born to do. It lived its life according to the highest laws of its world. The man who thus lives may be well reckoned a success, even though he never comes to fame as the world counts fame. No, my friend, you may not run fast, but you can run in the right direction, and so running your feet will strike the upper trail and lead you to the heights.

The lily's lips are pure and white,
  Without a touch of fire;
The rose's heart is warm and red and
  Sweetened with desire.
In earth's broad field of deathless bloom
  The gladdest lives are those
Whose thoughts are like the lily and whose
  Love is like the rose.

From "Poems With Power to Strengthen the Soul," by Mudge, p. 264.

The Selfish Rose

A LARGE cluster of rose bushes grew just beside the walk leading up to the front porch. They were in full foliage, and luxuriant with bud and blossom the day I called. Being very fond of roses, I reached out to pluck one that looked very choice, but before doing so bent over with my face buried in the blossoms to drink deeply of their fragrance. Imagine my surprise on discovering they had no fragrance. I was disappointed, and left there where it grew the flower I had intended to take with me, and from which I had expected to extract some sweetness.

It was a rose of exquisite beauty—perfect in form and coloring, and fine to look upon; but it held no perfume. It was great on appearances, but not much for fragrance. It allured only to disappoint. It caused you to reach for something you could not get. It failed to fulfill on the face of its promise. And does it set us wondering? Do we question the

cause? Why did not this rose give forth some perfume? Well, it may be there was a time somewhere in the past when it was the most fragrant of all the rose family. A time when it was the admiration and delight of many people. They would come from far and near to drink its sweetness. It was the most popular of all the flowers. In every sick-room its fragrance filled the air. It heartened people everywhere.

But one day it sat up and said: "Here I am furnishing fragrance for everybody. They take me everywhere, and come from everywhere for my perfume. The rich, the poor, the good, the bad, both young and old, take from my storehouse of fragrance to their fill. Soon I will have no fragrance left for myself. This thing must cease. Henceforth I will deny all comers, and will conserve my wealth until my own supply shall be unequaled anywhere. I will be the richest rose in all the world!"

And so it was. The doors were closed. The windows were shut. The blinds were drawn. People came as before, but went away disappointed. Messengers from sick-rooms came and clipped the buds and

blossoms, but carried away unfragrant flowers. Then they ceased coming, and the rose busied itself in the work of accumulation. It lost all interest in others and became self-centered. Then it died. It died at the heart. It lost its character, its influence—that is, its fragrance—for it awoke one day to find that it had none left even for itself. In withholding it had become impoverished. "For unto him that hath made right use of his talents shall be given more, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not made right use of his talents shall be taken away even that which he had in the beginning." People are prone to think that an arbitrary law written only in the Holy Book, but it is a law as universal and as inexorable as the law of gravitation, and it was deeply inscribed in all nature as the unchanging law of all life before it was ever written in the Book or spoken by the Master of men. It is the rebuke of nature; yea, the rebuke of the Infinite to the selfish and self-centered life, against which all lofty souls and even nature itself revolt.

But have you noticed how many people

are like that rose? Fine in form, beautiful to look upon, and promising in every outward appearance, yet wholly disappointing in what you have a right to expect from them. They have no fragrance. That is, they give forth no helpful influence. In what constitutes real beauty, and richness, and strength of character they are lacking. They close to every high appeal, and help no worthy cause. They wither everything they breathe upon, and leave no heritage of blessing anywhere. They live on the lower levels.

Have you not seen such folk? Yes, you have, and well do you remember it. You received a visit one day from such a soul, and it was like the blowing of a hot blast from the desert. It withered and scorched and blistered. It filled the room and vitiated God's good air until you were almost stifled. You never knew before what havoc one life could accomplish. When that visitor was gone, you threw open windows and doors to let some of God's fresh air come in. When you said, "Good-day," you did not say, "Come again, soon, for your visit has been a bene-

diction." No, you did not say that. You were glad of the going. The flower was without fragrance, and it left no sweet influence.

But you have known those of fragrant life. And how refreshing the memory! As you recall the joys of those associations now your heart beats faster. You remember the visit on a certain day when your sky was cloudy and the sweetness had left the air you breathed. You saw her coming, and you were all astir, then, for you well knew the rich influence that life carried. You opened the door before she had time to knock or ring the bell. You were overjoyed. You said, "Why do you stay away so long?" though she had been to see you only three days before. When she came into the room it was like the breezes wafted from the other shore, laden with all the fragrance from the flower gardens of God. When she would go after some hours of stay, you detained her. "Do n't hurry," you cried; "you have been here such a few minutes; please stay longer." And after she was gone the sky seemed brighter, the air was aromatic, the birds

sang sweeter music. That visit was like the refreshing dew upon the drooping flower. The lingering fragrance was a benediction for days. That life was not self-centered, but self-giving, and one that shed its radiance and left its rich flavor everywhere, for it walked the upper trail.

The Soul's Thirst

WE are here. Whence we came is not so important as whither are we bound? Is this all? Is it both the beginning and the end? Do we stop here, or shall we go on? That we are now here is no more a certainty than that we shall not stay here. What then?

Does some safe and quiet harbor await us at the end of our journey, where we can anchor from the storm-tossed voyage of life and be welcomed to a blest abode amidst the shouts of friends and kindred dear, and there forever rest? Or is the future dark and hopeless, are the harbors closed, are there no lights along the shore, will there be no welcome; and are we like a ship adrift upon a rock-ribbed sea without a rudder, without compass, and without guide, with no harbor to enter, and no certain destiny but to be tossed about at the mercy of the angry billows, and, after struggle and effort and groan and wail and cry, to be cast a wreck at last

upon the rugged rocks, and there lie broken and bleeding, and be forever mocked by the eternal wail of the ocean waves? Is this our lot? Is this our destiny?

What intelligence will say it is? Whose heart-hunger does that satisfy? Yours? Surely not! Can you have an answer to your cry? You have it. Where? In your own soul. Your heart-hunger for God proves God. Your soul-thirst for immortality proves immortality. You find an answer in all your soul-longings in the fact of those soul-longings themselves. Your very nature demands the Divine. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" There is the thirst. There are the brooks. The one implies the other. Given the one, the other MUST be.

Mr. Ingersoll, though denying, demonstrates the wonderful truth of this in that marvelous oration at his brother's grave. "Life is a narrow vale, between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud; but the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry." His heart was

hungry; his soul was crying out: but he failed to catch the answer or to rightly interpret his own nature, his own appetite for God. What wild deer, chased and hounded, and hot and weary, and well-nigh exhausted, ever hunted for the cooling, refreshing, life-giving water brooks more certainly than the troubled soul of Mr. Ingersoll, chased by the hounds of disbelief and gnashed by the fangs of doubt, tired and hot and thirsty, called for the water of life—for the Eternal God.

Truly the world is not an orphan. Man is not fatherless. He can not quench his own thirst, nor stifle the inner cry. It is there. The fragrance of a flower is not artificial. So man's thirst for God is natural. The eyes reach toward the hill-tops. We long for the higher ranges. We want to stand on the highest peak. We would fain reach that place beyond which there is no going. It is the upper trail that leads thereto.

The Madonna

MADONNAS hallow every home;
O'er every roof where babies are
Shines high and pure a guiding star;
And mother hearts do always hear
Divinest music ringing clear.

From "Songs of Motherhood," by Elizabeth Johnson Huckel.

OBERAMMERGAU is a little Bavarian village of a few hundred souls, nestling among the picturesque, pine-clad and snow-crowned Ammer Mountains. The place has been made famous by the rendition of the "Passion Play," which is there given every ten years. It was to that place I journeyed in the summer of 1910, for the purpose of witnessing the wonderful production.

I was entertained in the home of a Mr. Stadler. In the family was a lassie of some fourteen summers, Victoria by name. She was a bright, modest, sweet-faced child, whose part in the play was that of an angel in the different tableaux, appearing to special advantage in the last scene, which was the Ascension.

When I first entered the room to which I had been assigned I noticed on the wall a picture which, at a glance, I took to be a likeness of Victoria herself. On taking a second look, I said, "Yes, and a very good picture of her, too. This must be her room." Something about the picture, however, held my curiosity and attracted me to a more critical inspection. Whereupon I saw that it was not Victoria at all, but a most beautiful "Madonna."

And yet I am sure that no woman ever had a truer likeness of herself than that one was of Victoria. And when the real truth of the matter dawned upon me, I said, "How much better to be a 'Madonna' than to own the picture." It were indeed better to be one than to paint one. Victoria truly was one. I meditated for a little time over what at first seemed only a peculiar coincidence, but decided that it was no coincidence at all, and that it held no mysteries. It was as perfectly natural as the fragrant lily bursting from its bulb. For has not Victoria, as well as her parents and ancestors, lived in the "Madonna" atmosphere, and were not her features fashioned by its gentle pressure?

The unblemished beauty of her face was but the natural bloom of the inner life.

It is said the highest ambition those peasant parents have for their children from the day of their birth, and even before, is that they may be worthy to some time have a part in the "Passion Play." And so, living in the atmosphere of the Madonna, inheriting through generations the spirit of the Madonna, continually surrounded by the ideals of the Madonna, and with a Madonna ever beaming upon her from the walls of her room—the first to greet her in the morning, the last to look the soft, sweet look at night—is it any wonder the Madonna bloomed from her soul and shone in her face? Reflecting as a mirror the glory of that face, she was changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

Pure thoughts are God's paint brushes. They put color, and tone, and beauty into the face. Purity of thought and beauty of soul find their fruitage in the face of beauty. The inner transforms the outer. The fine lines, the strength of features, the perfect coloring, the nobility of expression all blending into a face of beauty

but tell the artistic skill of the unseen hand and the transforming power of high and holy thoughts.

Better, then, be the architect of a good life than the builder of stately cathedrals. Better the artist who puts upon the living face the beauty of a pure life than the one who but sketches upon breathless canvas the finest product of the painter's art. Better the fragrance of a right life than the perfume of all the flowers. Victoria lived among the hills of God, and she knew the way of the upper trail.

The Orphan

IT was several summers ago when the incident here set down took place. You have doubtless sat in public audiences where the speaker upon the platform was not the only voice to be heard. When the baby voice is as continuous as the one speaking by previous announcement, it is neither pleasing to the ears nor soothing to the nerves, as any one who has passed through the experience will testify. On the occasion here mentioned, I found my way into the large auditorium at the morning hour to hear the address of a particularly noted speaker. I soon discovered that just to my left sat a father and mother with a babe perhaps nine or ten months old. The speaker of the hour, and the babe of that same hour, started the program about the same time. The babe fretted, and fussed, and whined, and squalled. I looked my very fiercest at the mother, as if to say, "Why have you committed the unpardonable sin of bring-

ing the youngster in here?" but she seemed not the least perturbed, and showed no disposition to remove the disturber of the peace. Both parents were kept constantly busy trying to quiet the child. I thought I never saw a homelier baby, nor one with a voice so unmusical and disagreeable. Was there no remedy for this pestilence? They gave it the bottle, with no satisfactory results. They patted it (though not as hard as I thought they should), they caressed it, they talked and cooed; they turned it on its back, and then reversed that order—they did everything it seemed that mortals could do—but the cry continued. I was frantic. The speaker's message was lost to me. The morning was wasted. I felt as if the world was badly organized and poorly managed. Babies were an inexcusable nuisance. And parents that did not know how to manage them and where to take them were even worse. Public assemblies were not calculated for such trouble-makers. They had no business there.

When the afternoon hour arrived for the address of another famous speaker, I found myself again in the tabernacle and

ready for the message. This time I took a seat over on the opposite side from where I sat in the morning. And you are now thinking that I would not suffer a repetition of what I had experienced on the previous occasion. Imagine my surprise, then, when a moment later I heard just behind me a sound which attracted my attention, and, on looking around, saw there in the next row of seats the same parents and the same baby. Was I angry? I was not. I was delighted. I was actually happy. I really thought that was about the sweetest baby I had ever seen. Its very whining and whimpering was music to me. Its voice was charming. I could not keep my curious eyes from its little face —it looked so sweet. And the father and mother? They were good to see. Their faces shone with splendor. The transfiguration scene presented none fairer than they.

Why this change, so quickly wrought? And where was the change, anyway? Was it in the parents and the child, or was it in me? Clearly the change was with me. In the morning the picture was blurred by my ignorance. I did not know the facts. Since taking my seat in the after-

noon, a friend had put me into possession of knowledge which cleared the whole sky. I learned from him that these were not the parents of the child, but that it was a little orphan, without father, without mother, and without home. These good people had undertaken to be a father and mother to it, and were doing the best they could to comfort it and quiet its crying. They were about a noble and God-given task. All the little icebergs in my soul were melted away, then. The very place was radiant with a heavenly light, and charmed with the music of invisible choirs. That was an experience that has in it the wondrous touch of a transforming power. And this is what I thought: We would better be careful what we think and what we say until we know all the facts and have the fullest light. From the valley we can not always see afar. From the hilltops we get a wider and a clearer vision. Whittier well says:

> Man judges from a partial view,
> None ever yet his brother knew;
> The eternal eye that sees the whole
> May better read the darkened soul,
> And find to outward sense denied
> The flower upon its inward side.

Give God a Chance

WHO painted the rose and colored the rainbow? Who gave form and fragrance to the lily? Can man manufacture a flower and furnish it with breath and colorings? Some one has done all this most perfectly.

It would seem that all God wants is a chance. He never fails. He makes no mistakes. God's work is done when we do ours. He does not need help—He needs a chance. Do we sometimes speak of helping Him? How bold the words! Who helped Him make the sun and fashion the planets? Who helped Him polish the stars and set them shining in the heavens? Who helped Him make the milky way and stretch it across the sky? Who helped Him build the majestic mountains and gather the seas together? Who helped Him lift the planets to their places, give to them their seasons, and start them on their faultless journeyings through space? Who helped Him dig the channels for the

rivers? Who helped Him manufacture the coal and gather it into the bins? Who helped Him carpet the earth with green, and clothe it with the beauty of bud and blossom? Ah, who helped Him? Did we? Yes, we helped, because we were not present to bother Him.

How long would it take a man to dig the Panama Canal? How long do you suppose it took God to dig the Mississippi? How long did it take man to build the great pyramids of Egypt? How long did it take God to build the Rocky Mountains? How long to paint a flower and give it fragrance? How long to build a man and fashion him as He wants him to be?

God wants a chance in the world of men to-day, and He will bring form out of chaos, harmony out of discord, and give beauty for ashes. But we are in the way. We offer our suggestions and advance our puny opinions, instead of following out His directions. It must be we bother the Lord a lot. We fancy we have ideas, and we are eager to give Him the benefit of our wisdom. With our notions, and schemes, and plans, and prejudices we are a great trouble to Him. Obedience would

be the greatest help man could render the Almighty. But folks are so little!

If the will of the Infinite could be worked out among men as it is in nature, the moral world would be one of symmetry, of harmony, of beauty in high colorings, and of unbroken joy. Behold how He puts the silver lace upon the ocean waves, and gilds the brow of the mountain peak with golden sunbeams. He studs the sky with stars, and garlands the earth with flowers. He scallops the fern-leaf, nestling in the quiet bed of the lonely forest, and paints the glory of the water-lily, rocked in the crystal cradle of the lake. He clothes the fields with beauty, and hangs the dewdrops like diamond necklaces upon the grass-blades. Verily, the trees do rejoice and the hills clap their hands for gladness.

Give God a chance with man and He will clothe him with power, adorn him with beauty, give to him a song of ceaseless joy, and make his life shed radiance as the fadeless star. And if man will but note and follow the index finger of the Infinite he will find the way into that upper trail.

THE UPPER TRAIL

O thou unpolished shaft, why leave the quiver?
O thou blunt ax, what forests canst thou hew?
Untempered sword, canst thou the oppressed deliver?
Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew.

Submit thyself to God for preparation,
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord;
Call it not zeal—it is a base temptation.
Satan is pleased when man dictates to God.

From "Poems With Power to Strengthen the Soul," by Mudge, p. 96.

The Big Muddy

HAVE you ever looked upon the turbid waters of the sinuous old Missouri, commonly called the "Big Muddy," on their long journey from the mountains to the sea? Perhaps it was not a sight to inspire the soul, or stir the imagination, or set the Muses singing. And yet, as I crossed that stream the other day, I looked upon those murky, muddy waters with absorbing interest. They were almost fascinating in spite of their filth, because they awakened within me emotions before untouched—considerations of what they once were and of what they might again become.

As the train dashed on toward the West, I lingered in thought with those waters. I traveled upward whence they came. Up past the tasseling cornfields of Iowa and Nebraska. On past the golden wheatfields of the Dakotas. On through the undulating vistas of Montana. Up, up, up until I reached the Rockies, and there among the pine-clad ranges, their

cradle forever guarded by the age-crowned sentinels of those majestic mountains, I found their birthplace. Then I saw that when those waters were born they were as pure as the dewdrop distilled upon the rose-bud, and as sweet as the nectar of the clover-blossom that banquets the bee. Behold the crystal beauty of that river at its birth! But now look upon that foul stream and see how polluted! And those waters will be no more fit for the use of men until they are born again—that is, until God lifts them up into His sky and thus gives them a new birth. Then, when they come again, in the form of snowflake or dewdrop, to refresh the earth, they will be free from all impurities.

Have you ever thought of the parallel in human life? Have you not? Well, there is one. There comes to my mind now a man of my acquaintance whom I have known from his infancy. I saw him when the bloom was on his cheeks and the laughter in his eyes. When the sweet dimples in his face were worth more to his mother than all the diamonds that ever glistened. When he was as free from stain as the crystal waters. But when I saw him

the other day, after a lapse of some years, it was a shocking sight. He was blear-eyed and bloated-faced, besotted and bestial. He was unclean and repulsive. He bore evidence of having received the deposits from the waters of many polluted streams. So there was the "Big Muddy" in human life. Full of every deadly poison; full of all filth; brimming with the refuse from the reeking streams of immoral habits, this man would contaminate all pure lives, and was therefore unfit for society. Downward drifting he had gathered filth as he went.

Like the river, when he was born he was sweet and pure. Now look! But the One who lifts the black and muddy waters of the polluted stream to sweeten them and send them back to earth as pure as the dewdrop, can give him a new birth, a complete cleansing, and save him from the stains that have spoiled his life, can bring him back to purity and make him a happy and useful member of society, that he may still give to the world the sweet and fragrant influence the Almighty designed for every man.

But how much better if the pure waters

had never become polluted. Ah, how much better if that life had held its innocence and always kept itself free from the stains of sin. It were always better to live in the sunlight, to breathe the highland air, to walk the upper trail. There is no use to overwork God.

The Universal Language

You have heard the rippling laughter.
You have seen the falling tears.
You have witnessed love's devotion.

PASSING down the street of a busy city one day, I saw coming toward me a company of women who, from their manner and dress, were evidently foreigners. As they came nearer, I could hear their conversation, but could not understand a single word they spoke, for they were indeed talking in a foreign tongue. But as we were about to meet and pass, they seemed of a sudden to speak and gesticulate at the same time, and then all broke out in loud laughter. The laughter I clearly understood, and needed no one to translate or interpret. They laughed in English.

Laughter is a universal language. It is the language of the heart. It is used and understood by the people of all tongues.

I was on a railway train passing through

a populous section of a great State. At one of the little village stations two ladies entered the car and seated themselves just across the aisle from where I was sitting. As they engaged in conversation with each other, it was evident that they also were foreigners, for they spoke a language I did not understand. Then, presently, as their conversation ceased for a time, I noticed they were both in tears. That was a language I understood. For while they talked in some foreign tongue, they wept in my own language. No interpreter was needed then. Their tears told the whole story. Can you not read and understand the message? Here it is: Those women had been back to their old home to help lay father or mother away, and were now returning to their own families, and the memories of life—of childhood, school days, birthdays, Christmas days, happy home days, then wedding days, and now the funeral days and the broken ties—all these were pressing upon them, and those two hearts were speaking a language as old as the race and as universal as mankind. That is the story those tears were telling. When heart speaks to heart, there

are no differences of nationality, race, or color, and the message is always understood.

So tears are a universal language. They are a part of the heart-language. Wherever man is found, that language is current, and is used and understood by men of every tongue.

The story is told of two men, John Waterhouse and David Cargill, who had landed upon an island in Fiji. They knew well the character of the people there, but the people did not know their character. The natives who met them were naked, scowling, and armed with clubs—by all appearances, ready to slay and devour. The two white men walked right up to them, and, with smiles, and hands outstretched in friendly greeting, said first to one and then to another, "My love to you," their actions, of course, being suited to their words. In a very little time the clubs were all down, and the two men began to talk. Then there was opportunity for them to stay, and then to preach. All danger was passed. They had spoken the language of love, and the people understood.

Love is a universal language. Love, too, is the language of the heart. God speaks that language. It is understood by all people. Love needs no interpreter.

Some things are great because they are so simple. Love has been called the greatest thing in the world. Yet how simple! Some things are called great because they seem to be profound; but love is the greatest thing in the world because God is the greatest in the world, and "God is love." Thus do we learn divine things from the human, the great things from the simple and the child-like. We know God by the language He speaks, for it is the language of the heart; and when the heart speaks we understand, for it uses that same heart-language of the Infinite.

Flowers and Funerals

"I NEVER have any flowers for funerals," said a lady to a friend who was visiting her one day. Of course that visitor was fairly shocked at the statement, especially as the utterance came from one who had so many flowers and who was so well known for her kindly disposition. But the lady had a few more remarks to make on the subject, and continued by saying, "I give them all away before the people die." Then she added these pertinent words, "It makes me feel better to give them to my neighbors while they are still living and can enjoy them, rather than wait until they are gone and then put them on the coffin."

And who will not agree that this philanthropist in flowers was right? If some people could only get more flowers and fewer thorns while they live, they might stay with us longer than they do. A few fresh, fragrant flowers in life were better than a profusion of withering petals upon a cold grave. Alas, that so many should get the thorns while they live and the

roses when they die! The best time to help people is while they are still alive. Gifts to the grave were never very potent for good, nor much comfort to the occupant thereof. The flowers, with their beauty and their fragrance, were intended as a blessing for eyes that can behold the beautiful, and lives that can revel in sweet-scented air drink in that perfume.

So many poor souls there are trudging along, battling the best they can, with but little to cheer or encourage them. The beauty of a kindly word would delight them. The fragrance of a friendly act would refresh them. The strengthening touch of a brother's hand would give new hope. A flower now and then, expressed in any one of many different forms, would help attest the fidelity of our friendship and the sincerity of our tears.

If one's pathway could be strewn with an occasional flower, it would not matter much if there were not so many for the funeral.

To live continually pricked with thorns and briers, and then lie in a costly casket covered with a wealth of flowers, is a travesty on life and love.

FLOWERS AND FUNERALS

Flowers and tears at death can not atone for ill-treatment and neglect in life. The love of children for mother is not measured by the flowers they bring to her funeral, nor the tears they shed at her grave.

Good words said to the living were better than the most flowery eulogy spoken over the dead. The fragrance of true love, and the perfume of genuine friendship, will inspire the faltering and the faint-hearted, spur them on to noble endeavor, and will linger long about the lives that are so hungry for sympathy and for help. But they want it now. The heart's cry in the following lines tells the story:

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And, laying snow-white flowers upon my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,

THE UPPER TRAIL

Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more
to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old, familiar way;
For who would war with dumb, unconscious
clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a
thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When ceaseless bliss is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I plead to-night.

—Belle E. Smith.

The Baby's Smile

I REMEMBER so clearly when our first baby came to us. Just a wee bit of flesh—and so helpless. It did not seem to know anybody. It would not even look at us. That was truly a wonderful hour. I know how sweet the mother looked. I know how proud the father felt. But the baby did not seem to care. So well do I remember how I looked and longed to see a smile upon that little face, and to have those eyes look into mine. I someway fancied the smile would put us on more familiar terms. It would show some of the elements of gladness and gratitude. It would be the baby's way of saying, "I am all right, am glad I'm here; I like the looks of you, and I mean to make you proud." But there was no smile. There was no look of recognition from those dim eyes. I coaxed and watched and waited through the days. Oh, how my heart hungered for that smile! The first thing in the morning would I look to see if it was

there. Well nigh a thousand times through every day I gently turned the covers down to look again. But still no smile. I talked to it, cooed to it, coaxed it, played my fingers upon its cheeks, and did everything I could think of to bring the smile; but it did not come. The days passed by. They multiplied. Oh, would the time never come! My anxiety knew no bounds.

Then one glad day, without warning, my waiting was rewarded. It was in the morning. Breakfast was just over—for baby and all. I touched the plump cheeks tenderly with my fingers and spoke with cooing, coaxing voice, when those eyes, roving everywhere and looking at nothing, seemed suddenly to catch my face and stop. There was a certain light in them—a look I had not seen before—and then the sweetest smile broke on that face you ever saw. That was Heaven. Ecstasy supreme. The babe had given the father a look of recognition and a smile of gratitude. Oh, what reward!

I have thought of it a thousand times since that glad day, and have said over and over again, "What if the look and the smile had never come?" That is not a

pleasant thing to contemplate, as every father will testify. But I have followed that question by asking about the Heavenly Father. How long has He been looking for recognition and watching for smiles He has never seen? How many of His earthly children turn their faces from Him and break the heart of God by base ingratitude? He longs for a look. He longs for a smile, and it never comes. With infinite patience He waits and watches. He calls, and coos, and coaxes with every providential care, with every kiss of tenderness, in every love-language, with every last sacrifice of Self—and yet sees no response. No look. No smile. Nothing to indicate the high relationship of Father and child. How must our Father feel when treated thus? Every man who is a father can answer that. How long has He waited now? How long will you keep Him waiting yet?

How glad God would be if all the children of men would look up into His face this day and smile their gratitude and their adoration. As with the babe, that is the sign of a normal life. Without it there must be deformity, incompleteness some-

where in the life. How pathetic the blasted or the undeveloped rose-bud! It never rises to its highest. Never fulfills its divine mission. The patient, expectant owner gets no fragrance. How more pathetic the undeveloped, the blighted, the diverted life. Never comes to its highest. Never fulfills its mission. Never reaches the full bloom and beauty and fragrance of its divine possibilities. When life blossoms into right recognition of the Father above, and expresses itself in gratitude, devotion, obedience, service, will He delight in His children and be glad that His lavished love is not lost.

Father and Child

WHEN the baby girl was a little over two years old, the mother was going out in town on a shopping trip one day, and left the father in charge of the three children. He was particularly cautioned not to leave them or let them out of his sight. Of course he promised, for that is a way fathers have of doing. But no sooner was the mother gone than he thought of some very important matters that called him to the study. He thought the children could play about the house and in the yard in all safety without his presence or attention. So he left them and went upstairs to his room. He had not been there long when he heard a commotion below. Something had happened among the children. Evidently some one was hurt, for there was crying. Presently he heard the noise of little feet upon the stairs, accompanied by the sobbing of a baby voice. When he entered his study a while before, he locked the door as a pre-

caution against any possible emergency. So when he heard the door-knob rattling he remained quiet, for he was busy and did not care to be disturbed.

He could hear that voice in sobs. He knew the tears were falling. But the door refused to open, and he heard next this plaintive plea, "Papa, I want in." Still he made no response. Then the baby cried out of its hurt heart, "Papa, I want up on your lap." Whereupon that father surrendered. For a lifetime leapt before him in a single moment. He saw the baby grow to womanhood and go away from him and his home. By the magic of time he was swept on into the years when he would gladly give all the world to have the baby with him again, crying to climb into his lap, but knowing it could never be. His heart was melted. His senses were stirred. Quickly he opened the door. He lifted the child to his breast, her arms went round his neck, and her head fell in contentment upon his shoulder. He sat down and looked with all the longing of love upon that tear-stained face until the eyes closed and the child slept—all her troubles gone.

Then that father mused, and said: "Does our Heavenly Father ever shut us out? Is He ever too busy to hear our complaints? Does our oft-coming bother Him? Will He ever refuse admission when we come?" No, He never will! He is always ready to receive us when we come, and sorry we did not come sooner. It does not annoy Him. Whatever troubles have touched us, we can go to Him and be sure of a welcome to open arms. The door stands wide. The Father's kiss awaits us. He will smooth out our cares and give us rest. The Father will never shut us out. He hears the voice of our cry, and will deliver us.

I know what mother's face is like,
  Although I can not see;
It's like the music of a bell,
It's like the way the roses smell—
It's like the secrets fairies tell—
  All these it's like to me.

I know what father's face is like,
  I'm sure I know it all;
It's like his step upon the stair,
It's like his whistle on the air,
It's like his arms that take such care,
  And never let me fall.

THE UPPER TRAIL

So I can tell what God is like,
  The God whom no one sees.
He's everything my mother means,
He's everything my father seems,
He's like my very sweetest dreams,
  But greater than all these.

—EMILY SARGENT LEWIS.

Law and Love

LAW is our best friend. Instead of speaking of law *and* love as though they were two different things, it were better to say that law *is* love. As civilization has advanced, love has expressed itself in law for the protection of the weak and defenseless. Hence it is at once the measure of our moral standards and the index of our civilization. The same law that forbids you to kill, pledges the life and wealth of the nation for your own protection. We need not fear it, nor stand in awe of it.

Law is not so much for us to keep as it is to keep us. When we trample on law we trample on love. We trample on ourselves. It is not the law that is so sacred, but the love, of which it is the expression. Law is the highest expression of love. The law of the family is the love of the parents for the children. Without love there could be no law, for there would be no concern. The law of the universe is the love of God. It shows His care even for the sparrow.

So the law of the moral world is God's love for men. All His laws are operating only for their good.

Every act of God is most beneficent. He never takes away a seeming pleasure that He does not provide a real one to fill its place. He never closes a door and forbids your entrance that He does not open a wider one to richer fields. He turns men from the dungeon only that they may live in a palace; out of a hovel to live in Heaven. He denies men the muck and mire and the foul filth of unkept streets that they may walk on streets well paved with gold, and inhabit palaces and inherit thrones. God the Father would stop your dirge only to set you singing a pæan of victory. He would make your sighing cease that you might shout forth the exultant strains of a sweeter music. He would stop the flow of your falling tears to make you glad with untroubled laughter. Yea, He breaks those clouds away and sweeps them back and hangs His rainbow in the sky to give you promise and hope and vision of the day undimmed with trouble and ever radiant with eternal sunlight.

LAW AND LOVE

The poet has aptly said:

Who liveth best? Not he whose sail,
Swept on by favoring tide and gale,
  Swift wins the haven fair;
But he whose spirit strong doth still
A victory wrest from every ill,
  Whose faith sublime
On every cloud a rainbow paints—
  'T is he redeems the time.

From "Poems With Power to Strengthen the Soul," by Mudge, p. 180.

The World God Makes and the World Men Make

God builds a world of beauty. Men touch it and it is tarnished.
God builds a world of purity. Men touch it and it is defiled.
What God touches He glorifies. What man touches he degrades.

I ONCE knew a fair young girl. She was cultured and capable. She was blithe and gay. Her form was perfect—a fit model for the sculptor's skill. Her features were fair as the lily and her cheeks like the blushing rose. Her eyes were bright as polished jewels, and sparkled like the dew-drops of the morning. Her voice was rhythmic and musical, and her laughter like the rippling waters. She was as pure as fragrance from a flower garden. High-minded, handsome, cultured, ambitious, noble, and good, she was fit to be the queen of any home, or to reign supreme upon the throne of any man's affections and make of him the noblest, happiest, manliest man, the proudest of all his kind. The music of her gentle voice, like sweet

echoes wafted from another shore, would charm and strengthen and drive away the cruel cares that chase him. The magic of her presence would transform his burdens into belssings and sweeten the bitterest cup that ever pressed his lips.

Her origin was divine. Everywhere were the finger-marks of God, and about her the fragrant breath of heaven. She was born to a high and holy purpose. But alas! What a change! What a fall! That which had come from the hand of God as perfect as an angel form, and as pure as a baby's dream, the hand of man had touched and spoiled. When I saw her the other day for the first time in a number of years, it was like the apparition of a ghost. So pale, and poor, and haggard. So bent, and broken, and shriveled. No music in her voice, no sparkle in her eye, no luster in her hollow cheeks. No life, no ambition, no hope. Her voice was like the fading echoes of hopeless creatures lingering between despair and death. She was like the fragrant flowers drooping and dying under the biting of the fiercest frosts. Like the blooming beauties scorched and withered by the awful blasts from the hot

furnaces of hell. You ask the cause? Ah, the one God had made to bless and beautify this world and the next had fallen into the hands of man. She had done as countless others have done—married a demon in disguise, and the change followed. It was as if the monster had taken the fairest flower that blooms and blessed men with its beauty and fragrance and thrust it into the flames of the fiery furnace. As if he had with his polluted hands reached out into the sky and rudely grasped the fairest angel there and dragged it in the slimy sewer of a filthy city. The music of her voice was stilled. The beauty of her face and form was gone. The fragrance of her life was gone. Hope was dead.

And that is the way man is marring the world God would make beautiful. All the scars and blemishes, all the wrecks and ruins, all the agonies and heartaches, all the faded beauty and withered hope, and all the sighs and tears are man-made. "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good." "And God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted His way upon the earth."

Opportunity

ONE of the greatest fallacies ever couched in classic language is the little poem by John J. Ingalls on "Opportunity:"

Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock, unbidden, once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise—before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt, or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

That is fatalism complete. That hangs leaden weights upon the wings of ambition, and strangles hope to death.

Only one chance! Then who would not fail? Opportunity going about knocking

at each man's gate, and only once, at that? Never!

This poem, while majestic in form and beautiful in expression, furnishes no comfort for the weak, no encouragement for him who has failed, and gives no inspiration for noble endeavor. It has about it the mystic atmosphere of despair. It is not wholesome.

Is not the following much better? wherein "Opportunity" says:

Man is my master. I on his footsteps wait.
Fame, love, and fortune will I give
To all who knock and enter at my gate.
To your door I come not, but you to mine;
And should you come and fail to find me in,
Return again—yea, do not turn away
Though I be slow and sluggish to respond;
Or if the door swings not on easy hinges at your touch,
Lift up your hand and knock until you break it down—
Then enter, and reach every state mortals desire.
My door is barred—sometimes with granite rocks,
Sometimes with mountain range or desert sands,
Or with wide-rolling seas. But you
Can reign if you beat through the gate.
It is the hour of hope. I wait—
From hovel, field, or palace you may come,
A conqueror, and obtain the crown I hold
For every one who dares to persevere.

OPPORTUNITY

The following lines from the pen of Walter Malone have in them the gospel of good cheer and of high hope, and ought to cause any man with drooping spirit to lift his head and leap toward the sky. Every man should thank his Maker for another chance—and a chance, too, that has the love and the look of the Father in it. Not merely a chance to struggle on blindly, alone and without help, but with the companionship of One who knows the way and understands the motive of human hearts.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When first I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise, to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be again a man.

THE UPPER TRAIL

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
  Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
  And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
  Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
  Each night a star to guide thy soul to heaven.

Heresy and Love

MEN are prone to inquire about what is right and what is wrong.

You can not catalogue those matters.

Love is always right.

Hate is always wrong.

Hate is heresy. It is the worst heresy. It is the only heresy.

Love is the test of orthodoxy. It is orthodoxy. It is the fragrance of the flower.

God is love. God is orthodox. What God does tells what God is.

If you want to know about a man's orthodoxy, find out about his love. A man's love determines the direction of his life.

You can not hate men and love God.

One who loves can not be shut out of God's Kingdom. Nor can one who hates be taken in.

Jesus did not demand of His disciples that they all think alike, but that they love alike: "By this shall all men know

that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Love lifts. Hate is a heavy weight. One is upward to light. The other downward to darkness.

Love liberates.

Hate imprisons.

Love enlarges.

Hate is shriveling.

Hate is heresy. Love is orthodoxy.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul,
Love is the only angel that can bid the gate unroll.
And when He comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lead through darkness, but it leads to light at last.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Character

THE Aristocracy of Fine Souls is a royal company to which not all people belong. "Aunt Susan," as the young people all called her, has been a life member of that order. I never liked the name Susan until I met her. Since then it has been a name of beauty. Some people seem to give luster to the most somber hues. Some folks look dressed up in almost any sort of garments, while others never do look dressed up, no matter what they wear. Almost any name is sweet when borne by a fine character.

I have known the one above mentioned for more than thirty years. She has reared a large family of noble children, four of whom have passed on into that country that lies beyond the unseen sea. The husband, too, both great and good, has been gone now for many years. And while the shadows have lengthened, she has been walking the long way alone. Yet not alone, for the Unseen Friend has walked

beside her all the way, and her face is illumined by the inner light. She is a radiant soul.

Always has this good woman been one of the earth's real toilers, but always she has had time to be helpful and kind. It has seemed impossible for her to do too much for others. Forgetting her own hard tasks, her own cares, her own sorrows and bereavements, her own heavy afflictions, she has busied herself trying to relieve other souls, encouraging them and helping bear their burdens. Always does she think of others, scarcely of herself at all. Infinite in patience, incessant in toil, rich in kindly ministries. She is never captious or critical. She puts the best construction upon word and deed. She is most ready to excuse an error and to spread the mantle of charity over a fault in some one else. She heartens every one. Whether appreciated or not, it has made no difference with her. She is a lofty soul.

While the sorrows of her own life have been many, she has borne them all with sweet and uncomplaining silence, seeming to forget them in the attention she gives to those about her, and in her devotion

to the life she has spent in such unselfish service. A pure mind. A great soul. A life like a radiant sunbeam, and one that helps every other life it touches.

This good woman has gone past her threescore years and ten. Her long race is nearly run. Just a few more setting suns and it will be daybreak. But she has never been a bright star in society. She has made so little noise the big world has scarcely been aware of her presence at all. She has not been much in the public eye. Not even prominent in women's clubs. She will probably not appear in the "Hall of Fame," though she has been an ideal mother and as fine a friend as mortal ever had, and on the inner wall of many a life will hang the picture of her fair face and the image of her great soul. And, after all, the "Hall of Fame" is but a little playhouse for children, and is petty and insignificant compared to the great world of human hearts where "Aunt Susan" shall be honored and shall live forever.

What an army of young people she has helped and inspired! Many of the "boys," when grown to be gray-haired men, will remember with tearful gladness the times

of old when she would call them from their bachelor quarters and poor fare while they were struggling for an education, to those sumptuous Sunday dinners prepared by her kind hands. And how those invitations would come about as often as Sunday itself! No use to say, "No" to her. She had planned it that way, and none must be left out. And after dinner the boys would talk it over and agree that it was an imposition on good nature, and that they would not go any more. But the next Sunday—there would be the dinner, and there would be "Aunt Susan," and there would be the boys. She could not escape the promptings of her own big soul, and they could not escape the magic of her ministries.

With her it was everything for others, but nothing for self. No praise. No position. No pay. No reward. The doing of the good was her compensation. She is not rich, except in faith, and hope, and character. In all these she is many times a millionaire.

That is my idea of character. What people actually are. What they are when stripped of the flesh. What they are in-

side. What they are when no one is watching. What they are in the dark. What they are when only the eye of God is upon them. What they are when there is no pay coming. What they are when there is no applause. What they are when there is no public account, and no "Hall of Fame." What they are when there is work to do, and when sacrifice is called for. What they are when love is the only motive, and perhaps ingratitude the sole reward. Then character shines with undimmed luster, for then is true character revealed. Such is "Aunt Susan."

Character is as rich in rags as in royal robes; it forges its own crown, and every day is a coronation day.

Though thy name be spread abroad,
Like winged seed, from shore to shore,
What thou art before thy God,
That thou art, and nothing more.

From "Poems With Power to Strengthen the Soul," by Mudge, p. 40.

Mother

God thought to give the sweetest thing
  In His Almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering
  What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart,
  Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart
  And gave to earth—a mother!

—G. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

A YOUNG man of nineteen years was leaving his Kansas home some years ago to engage in the battle of life on his own responsibility. He has said good-bye to the old mother, whose blessing, like sweet ointment, fell upon his head in these two simple words, "Be good." His wardrobe, library, and all his earthly possessions were packed in the old yellow grip-sack, which he carried on a stick swung across his shoulder as he walked the distance of twelve miles to the nearest railway station, where he was to take the train for his destination in Nebraska.

As he reached the summit of the hill a

half-mile from the old sod-house and home he was leaving, he turned for a last look at the place. His eager eyes were astonished to see the mother at one corner of the house, watching her departing boy as he was about to disappear from her sight out into the big, uncertain world. It seemed to him she was holding the corner of the old, faded calico apron to her face. For what purpose? Ah, could it be she was crying for her boy? She did not cry when she said good-bye. No, she was too brave then. But she is surely doing so now. She was so strong in his presence to encourage him, but when he was once started the floods broke loose. And when he passed from sight of her beyond the hill she was still standing thus.

New thoughts were wakened in his mind. New and nobler ambitions were born in him. The very sight of that mother watching her boy, and weeping for him, gave him the assurance that she was pushing him to higher levels with her prayers to God. He would not fail. He could not fail. He would never freeze those tears, nor cause to fail those prayers, nor disappoint that anxious heart by any low

aim or unworthy act of his. He would never fall, with the memory of that mother holding him up in tears and prayers. He would work. He would dig. He would climb. He would succeed, and be worthy, knowing well that those eyes, though unseen, were upon him all the time. Her faith and her love should be rewarded.

Before that time the boy had not really appreciated his mother. Like a great many other boys, he was thoughtless and careless. But now he was thoroughly awakened to a new life, and to a sense of his great loss. That sweet, humble, faithful, hard-working, loving, patient mother had been giving her very life for him. He did not think of it before, and now he was leaving it all, never to live in the very presence of a mother's holy influence again. Those days and that sweet privilege were gone forever. As the full meaning and realization of it all dawned upon him, he was overwhelmed.

Boys who are rich in the love and care of a good mother should appreciate her while she lives, and while they live with her, and should make her life both rich and glad in the thought that she has a boy

living a noble and useful life and loving her too much to be less than she expects him to be.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He came upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" the florist's boy asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered, "It's for my mother. She's sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell, it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-opened rose. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."

He had meant to put that rosebud on his own mother's grave, and yet he knew that he had done the better thing. "She'll understand," he said to himself. "and I know this will please her most."

—*Selected.*

The Model Young Man

Keep pure thy soul!
Then shalt thou take the whole
Of delight;
  Then without a pang
Thine shall be all of beauty whereof
  The poet sang—
The perfume and the pageant, the
  Melody, the mirth,
Of the golden day and the starry night;
  Of heaven and of earth.
Oh, keep pure thy soul!
—RICHARD W. GILDER.

THE model young man! Have you seen him? Does he live near you? Perhaps you do not know him? Now, I can tell the way you smile that you have never so much as seen him, and you think he is not. But he is. Of course you will be very glad to know it, and to form his acquaintance.

Remember, it is not the *perfect* young man, nor the *faultless* young man, but a human young man full of hot red blood, full of life, full of vigor and virility, full

of ambition and hope, and beset by all the trials and temptations that are common to humanity. And withal, a young man who thinks more of polishing his brains than he does his shoes, and who is more careful to keep his soul unstained than he is to keep his clothing clean and his trousers creased.

You say there are no model young men? If that be true, then we have a vast and unexplored region for some daring and courageous life to enter. And it is a rich field, and a task that challenges the mightiest efforts of towering manhood, and is more worthy of attainment than to reach either the North Pole or the South in our little material world, or to carry off the honors at a Marathon meet. If there be none, then there yet remain other worlds to conquer and higher heights to climb, and the call would be for the young man big enough, and good enough, and great enough, and courageous enough to occupy a field of wealth and power where he would be the pioneer and hold undisputed sway.

The model young man is clean. Now, is that too much to expect or require?

Surely it is not. Who will dare say it is? Who will thus confess himself a weakling, or charge all others with being? Clean, to be sure! Clean of body. Clean of mind. Clean of soul. No physical habits that are degrading. Harboring no thoughts that are impure. A soul that stretches itself up toward the light and truth of God. No street loafer. No profanity. No vulgarity. No obscenity. No carousing. No coarse remarks when ladies pass upon the street, and no low talk involving womankind. Pure thinking, wholesome speaking, healthful exercise of body, and high aspiration of soul. There is no excuse for an impure young man, and he should be considered an incubus on society, a dangerous germ, subject to quarantine, or to be banished from clean folk even as the loathsome lepers are sent away. The passport of any young man into good society should be purity, rather than money, education, family name, or all other accomplishments. And the impure should be shunned as one spreading the infection of a deadly malady.

The model young man is brotherly. That spells kindness, helpfulness, unselfish-

ness, sympathy, thought for others, interest in others. Are these weak or unmanly traits? Unworthy, are they? Impossible, do you think? These are the right qualities for manhood. They make men big and strong. The young man with a warm heart, a brotherly grip, a tender and gracious spirit, a generous soul, and a beaming face is closely related to the Infinite. The breath of immortality is upon him. He is mighty in power.

Both swords and guns are strong, no doubt,
And so are tongue and pen,
And so are sheaves of good bank notes,
To sway the souls of men.
But guns and swords and piles of gold,
Though mighty in their sphere,
Are sometimes feebler than a smile,
And poorer than a tear.—MACKEY.

The model young man is honest. Would that be a curiosity in this day? Is that too high a quality? Not so. There are lots of honest people in the world, let it be known, and one of the surest ways of making young men dishonest is to teach them that honesty is a scarce commodity. Nevertheless, honesty should be emphasized to-day perhaps as never before,

simply because there has been so much dishonesty in high places. The law, "Thou shalt not steal," should be better understood and more generally applied. There are many ways to steal other than taking a man's property. This law inflicts its own penalty, just as the law of gravitation is self-enforcing. The young man who steals, that is, the one who is not honest—honest intellectually, honest morally, honest physically—will fall, will go down by the action of the higher moral law of gravitation working in him just as surely as the weight loosed from the hand will fall to the earth by the action of the same law in the material. Honesty is not merely the "best policy," it is the only policy, for it alone leads upward.

The model young man is truthful. Do you think that is too much to expect of him, or too hard a task for him to perform? Too high for him to reach, is it? Who will declare that it is? Surely none. But there are a lot of liars these swift days. A lot of young men liars. A lot of high school liars, and college liars. Liars negative and liars positive. Some lie with the lips, some with their eyes, some with a nod

of the head; some with a wink, and some with silence. Some lie to their fathers and mothers, some to their sweethearts, some to their professors, and some to their employers. All these lie to God. And they seem not to know that a falsehood is a blemish on the life that prevents success, and a leaden weight upon the wings that holds one from rising to the heights.

The model young man is respectful to parents. Again I ask, is that too much? And again, will any affirm that it is? None! He respects their judgment. He respects their advice. He respects their age. He respects their authority. He respects their feelings. He respects them too much ever to call his father "the old man" or to break his mother's heart with unkind words. If he does not, then he can not respect himself, and no one else will respect him. If a boy does not learn to obey in the home, then the school will have a hard time with him, and the State will have a hard time with him. That boy will have a hard time with himself. For obedience is the first law, and must be learned sooner or later if the individual would hold his liberty. The place to learn

it is in the home, and the boy who does not have respect for the authority of his parents is likely to have little for any authority. No young man can lay claim to the high heritage of real manhood who does not properly respect and lovingly treat his parents.

The model young man is industrious. Now what do you say? Does that requirement exact too much? Is the standard placed too high? Of course you say it is not. The New York *Evening Post* asked a number of eminent men why so many young men were failures. The majority of the answers attribute the failures to "laziness and indolence." Chauncey M. Depew, in speaking about the failure of so many young men he grew up with, said nine-tenths of them owed their failure to drink. That is either the fruit of indolence or the cause of it. The question was asked about a leading commercial man of a certain large city, "What is there about him to explain his success?" The answer was, "Luck." But the facts were that thirty years before he was working by the day as an ordinary laborer. At the close of each day he had his program of studies

which he industriously pursued. In due time his strict attention to business, and his marked attainments, attracted the attention of his employers, and a partnership ensued, and ultimately the head of the business. "Luck?" "Genius?" Well, you will notice as you jog along that "luck" and "genius" and hard work are always very closely associated, and that the one who never cultivates the acquaintance of hard work is almost never a "genius," and scarcely ever meets up with "luck." Some one has said, "The trouble with young men to-day is, they want pleasure and amusement." No, that is not the trouble. The real trouble is, that so many of them want nothing else. Too many of them are looking for higher wages and an easier job, while too many others are looking for no job at all. They do not want work. They depend upon their fathers even for spending money. No self-respecting young man will spend money thus that he does not earn himself. And it is well-nigh a crime for fathers to raise young men to idleness and indolence and allow them to form the bad habit of spending money not earned by themselves,

but furnished by foolish and indulgent parents.

The model young man is choice of his company. He will not associate with any young lady that is not as good as he is. He will not reflect upon his mother by selecting a girl that is not at least her equal. Nor will he resort with bad men. He will keep no questionable company of any kind. He knows full well that a polluted atmosphere will taint the life, and that men have no more right to be unclean and then offer themselves to pure women than women have to become foul with evil habits and then expect good men to accept them as their wives and the mothers of their children. The model young man is very choice of his company—because he is choice of himself and his mother. The following words of a mother to her son are worth remembering:

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part
That you seem to fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.
Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name,

THE MODEL YOUNG MAN

"Like mother, like son" is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of "Mother" by you.
Be yours, then, the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,
"She reaped as she sowed, Lo! this is her son."

—*Selected.*

681918

The Ideal Young Woman

BOTH tears and laughter are ordained by the Infinite. They are the outlet of the soul for grief or gladness. You find these everywhere. The sea sobs out its grief; it sighs, and moans, and heaves with heavy-heartedness. The rills and the rivers laugh with gladness. The trees clap their hands for joy. The moon is a benign smile, while the sun is a great burst of laughter. So all nature is in closest sympathy with mankind in joy and sorrow. The mighty earthquake may be but one of the earth's convulsive sobs, pent up for ages.

Laughter and tears are but the floodgates for the overflow of our emotions, to save us from breaking by an overstrain either of sadness or gladness. Thus God has made ample provision for our lives, and wants us to live in a perfectly natural way in harmony with ourselves and with Him. Neither one extreme nor the other.

In speaking of the ideal young woman,

it will be well to hold in mind the picture of a real live person, and not some imaginary being that has no place in God's order of things, and is unapproachable; a fanciful creature that has never existed and never can exist, except in some one's wildest dream. We are talking about an everyday, commonplace girl, who lives her own life according to her own high nature and the laws of her God.

Shall we dress her up just "so," and make her walk just "so," and sit, and talk, and act according to certain specified rules of the so-called authorities? No! For that would not be natural. And the natural is the ideal. God made the natural. That's why it is ideal. It can not be improved. It is higher than any art.

Now, what is meant by "natural?" Well, the canary sings; the eagle soars; the fruit-trees bear apples, pears, or peaches; the flower-plants give daffodils, or crocuses, or pansies; the rose bush gives bud, and blossom, and fragrance; the roots pump up the moisture, while the leaves transform the sunbeams and the air. That is, each in the animal or vegetable world does that which it was ordained to

do, and thus lives in perfect harmony with its own nature. That is natural. That is divine. Only the divine is natural. Only the natural is the ideal.

So, in thinking of the ideal young woman, hold in mind the one who lives in harmony with herself, for that alone is natural, and hence ideal. Of course all will agree that the color of eyes and hair, the beauty of face and perfection of form, and the elegance of etiquette, however important in themselves, are not the essential parts of the ideal woman.

The ideal young woman is not a conspicuous figure upon the street. She is not loud and boisterous. She is not seen gadding about by night nor by day. She is not on the marriage market to be taken by the highest bidder, nor on the bargain counter to be carried away by the first caller. She is not intoxicated by the cup of worldly pleasure. The glare and glitter and whirl of a worldly life do not satisfy her. She thinks too highly of her powers to put them to any inferior tasks or low uses. Her intellectual respect will not permit her to blow herself away in the froth of society. She will in no manner

belittle herself or allow her nature to be perverted.

She is not easily flattered. And that is no ordinary attainment, either. The flatteries of men are a very potent influence over the lives of so many women. Flattery is the common bait that is used to entice them into the invisible net. It is like the spider's web to the unthinking fly. Happy the woman that detects it, and is great enough to frown upon it, and flee from it. The silly, small talk of men will not deceive the woman that is alert and wise. She will keep free from the slimy coils of such serpents.

Speaking now affirmatively, the ideal young woman is watchful of her brother. Do you recall that little story of the child Moses and his sister Miriam? How that sister, with all watchful solicitude, stood by and kept her faithful vigil while the babe lay hidden in the ark of bulrushes, and, when he was discovered by Pharaoh's daughter, she was on hand to take the child in safety to its own anxious mother! If only more girls were thus watchful of their own brothers and solicitous for their well-being, to save them from snares and

pitfalls and the dangers that lurk about them, and to lead them where a mother's care can bless them and her influence nourish them, fewer young men would be lost and the "boy problem" would not be half so serious. It is not as it should be when a young lady is more interested in some other girl's brother than she is in her own.

The ideal young woman is considerate of her mother. Of course some girls are not. Some mothers, too, are silly about their daughters. But the right sort of a girl will not be spoiled, even by her mother. She will not be content to pound the piano all day and gad about all the evening while her mother wears herself out in the drudgery of the home. There is quite as much culture in washing dishes, and cooking a good meal, and tidying up the house as there is in running the fingers up and down the keyboard of a Steinway or torturing people with the wonderful variations of a high-pitched, squeaky voice, especially when in doing the former you can give a patient and long-suffering mother a chance to take a much-needed rest. The young woman who shows high consideration and

great tenderness for her mother is exhibiting a quality of refinement worthy the ambition of all to possess. Mother first and self afterwards. Such a one belongs to the real aristocracy.

The ideal young woman is independent. She fits herself for a useful life instead of continually posing for a marriage proffer. She is one who appreciates her powers and influence. No one has more power to-day than woman, if she will only use it in the proper way. This young woman will never tolerate a young man that is not her equal socially, mentally, and morally. She will not marry a man to reform him. It is a precarious business when any young woman turns herself into a reformatory and undertakes the hazardous task of reclaiming a young man by the marriage process. If she is unable to reform him before marriage, she can not do so afterwards. I do not know of any young men that marry girls to reform them. And besides, no woman can associate with or marry a man beneath her and hope to lift him up to her level—she will descend to his.

At a temperance meeting one evening, where were present a great many mothers

and daughters, among the questions considered was the young man problem. "How to save the young men," was their cry. Very few young men were there. Their absence was freely commented upon and lamented. "Where are they, and why are they not here?" mothers and daughters queried. When the meeting was over, their questions were quickly answered. The young men were just outside the door, waiting for the meeting to break up, and they actually escorted these same young ladies, daughters of those same mothers, to their homes.

The dove, with its cooing, will not dull the vulture's talons nor change its nature.

The bird, with its singing, will not stop the serpent's sting, nor kill the poison.

The rose, with its fragrance, will not quench the furnace fire nor heal its burn.

Above all, the ideal young woman is godly, and is not ashamed of it. She will not allow the holy fires that burn in her soul to be quenched. She will not sacrifice her faith nor surrender her religion for any reason whatsoever. A modest, well-behaved, sweet-tempered, devoted, high-minded, Christian young woman is the

queen of all queens and can reign supreme in a world where hearts are the most valuable asset, and where men will pay a homage that is divine. She thinks more of cultivating a fine disposition than she does of cultivating her voice. Her life is pure; its atmosphere is wholesome; it is laden with the rich aroma of an unselfish soul. She is on her way to a kingdom and a throne. Indeed, she is there already. When she falls from that high estate it shocks us. That is where she belongs, and we are contented only when she is there. Nothing less seems right. She is then in harmony with her own nature, and in tune with the Infinite. That is natural. That is ideal.

Fairer than the fairest flowers that bloom,
Richer than the rose's sweet perfume;
Life as stainless as the stars above,
Soul that stretches upward—soul of love;
Woman—the finest work of God.